

DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.

FOR PRESIDENT,
MARTIN VAN BUREN.
FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
RICHARD M. JOHNSON.
FOR GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS,
MARCUS MORTON.
FOR LIEUT. GOVERNOR,
WILLIAM FOSTER.

POETRY.

LETTER FROM MRS. —, PHILADELPHIA, TO
MISS MAY Dacre, LONDON.

DEAR Dacre, I'm conscious how strange it appears
That I who've been absent for several years
From you and from all that my bosom holds dear,
Should never have written to keep you and all
Of things that are happening every day.
Forgive me, sweet May, from beloved of my heart—
The fates were severe when they forced me to part
From you and from all that my bosom holds dear,
From all that I cotton'd to—parting a tear—
A tear that, unbidden, yet ventures to tremble
In the dark-flashing eye of your friend Fanny K—e.

You've learned from the papers the sketchy outline
Of my Yankee campaigning—the general design—
But you bade me when writing, by no means to fail
To paint my American life in detail.
And first for the voyage o'er the perilous ocean—
Of that you can scarce form an adequate notion.
Such dashing of waves, and such roaring of gales,
Such creaking of bulk heads, and flapping of sails,
Such stamping and tramping, and shouts and profanity,
Are surely enough to drive one to insanity.
For exercise, sometimes papa and DeC—p
Up and down the main deck for a full hour would tramp;
While I like a fairy would trip up and down,
Or bend o'er the bows till the spray spoiled my gown.
Then run to my state-room where fastening the door,
I'd conjure up rhymes as I rolled on the floor.
Four good old Pacific! May Dacre I turn
To enter that vessel once more to return
To merry old England; again on the track,
The devil, for all me, might blow at my back.
But alas! there's small hope of returning, I own—
My father was forced to go home all alone.

A New York our lodgings were only so so—
The rooms were ill furnished, the ceilings were low—
The windows were rusty, the chambermaids pert,
But howsoever at smoking and sitting expert.
The chairs should be made with two legs and not four,
For yankies in sitting make use of no more.
The tables, the sofas with legs are o'erspread,
Whose owners would stare if you called them ill bred.
The hat of each man is retained on his head,
And he smokes a cigar while the paper is read.
At dinner each places his knife and fork
His legs on the table, his plate betwixt them;
But their looks they repair ere the great dinner rush,
With the general comb and the common tooth brush.
Of the language they utter, a specimen here
I insert for your entertainment in every year—
"How's sugar?" "Quite scarce—but few letters to-day."
"The Bible Bank notes at a discount?" "What say?"
"Before you get out of the woods, don't ye holler!"
"That 'ere is a caution to Moses?" "One dollar!"
"You don't say that Solomon Parkins has broke?"
"He owes me five dollars?" "Get out!" "It's no joke."
"If any my character dares to peruse,
He'll get rowled up 'till River creek?" "Well, that's ferse!"
"Haint fit for a fortnight—am chock full of light—
A cross of the swamp alligator—all bite."

These gentlemen will give potations, but then
Mint juleps and gin were without any demerit;
And my dear dear papa, without any demerit—
May sometimes be seen *dans les vignes de saigneur*—
But the ladies—what terrible fashions they have—
Prepare with a dram for a dip in the wave;
Each bath has a bar for the use of the fair,
And ladies are regular customers there.
To speak the plain truth, which I've no wish to soften,
I've seen them a little "how could you so?" often.

My private reception was quite to my heart—
A house crammed with people in every part—
One thousand and some hundreds of dollars—not bad!
Each night 'twas the same, and it tickled my dad—
Each city has paid him a good largish sum,
Though he failed when he tried the 'cute yankees to hum.

My private reception was equally grand—
I was fêted, and toasted, and dined through the land—
And, resolved to show what we geniuses are,
At every party I bore and I bore and I bore;
I laughed at the follies, and rolled on their rugs,
Accepted their presents, but smiled in their faces,
And complained that at night I was eaten by—
And taught them new manners, new wishes, new graces.

But while I pleased all, not attempting to please,
I was, like a flower, beset by the B's.
These would I add, but the servant is here
To take this about the house in every year—
Beside I have no time to dawdle or potter,
For Pompey has brought to my door a fat trotter—
May a swift-sailing bark bring quick answer to me—
Adieu! and forget not your friend,
F. A. B.

FURTHER EXTRACTS

From Barry Cornwall's Life of Edmund Keen.

"We must here retrace our steps a little; and re-
call a circumstance that happened previously to Keen's
second expedition to America. One night, when the
boy Charles had been exhibiting before his mother, and
stirring up her maternal pride by the merits of his act-
ing, Keen suddenly returned home. His brow was
very moody. He had been playing Richard, and had
come home in part of the Crookback's dress. The
'trunks' were still on him, the wig, and part of the
paint: the rest had been rubbed off with a rough towel.
He rang the bell, called for brandy and water, and
threw himself at full length on the sofa. To soothe the
angry spirit, and to excite a little admiration, perhaps,
for the boy, Mrs Keen said—"Do you know Charles can
act?"—and, really, very well." "Indeed!" was the tra-
gedian's answer—"the tone was a little sarcastic."
"Yes," returned the mother, "he can; and you shall see
him." And accordingly Charles began. His acting
was, we are told, very clever; but it did not provoke
a word from his father. He continued to lie on the
sofa: he looked at the boy—listened—and, when all
was over, said—"There—that will do very well. Go
along!—Good night. It is time to go to bed. No
more—a-acting, Charles." When the boy had retir-
ed, Keen broke out—"That boy will be an actor if he
tries; and if he should," added he with an emphasis,
"I'll cut his throat!" Mrs Keen interfered—remon-
strated—talked of other things—and tried different
methods of allaying his agitation. The tragedian, how-
ever, continued drinking his brandy and water—glass
after glass—stronger and stronger. He muttered—he
swore—"The name of Keen shall die with me. It shall
be buried in my coffin." At last, after various pater-
nities, he became more composed, and Mrs Keen retired to her
bed room, leaving the perturbed spirit, as she supposed,
quiet for the night. But the fates had ordered otherwise.
For, after the lapse of an hour, as she says, "a great
thumping in the house" saluted her ears. She got up,
in some alarm, and inquired the cause. A servant
(Miller, we believe, the book collector) answered, that
he had been ordered to get ready his master's clothes,
for that he was "going out." This was about three
o'clock in the morning. A hackney coach was sent for,
and duly arrived; and into it were put the tragedian's
portmanteau, some of his books, a bottle of brandy, his
pistols, and two lighted candles (one in each pocket of
the coach). He himself, ready to get in, seized his
little spaniel (Portia) by the neck, and in the spirit of
Shylock, threw her into the coach. He then followed

in propriâ personâ, telling his man to mount the box.
'And where shall we drive to, sir?' asked the man.
'To —' was the master's answer. 'Very well, sir,'
answered the servant, and gave directions accordingly.
The coachman, however, proceeded to the Thames in-
stead of to the Styx, and stopped at Waterloo bridge for
further orders. 'I'll get out here,' said Keen. 'Wait
both of you till I return. I shall be back in five min-
utes.' They waited accordingly the five minutes—fifty
minutes; they waited all night—in vain! The tra-
gedian did not return. But when the grey dawn began to
warm into absolute day, the coach, the brandy, and the
books, Portia and the pistols, and the rest of the lumber,
live and dead, were duly taken back to 'the place from
whence they came'; and the coachman concluded his
labors by demanding, with the air of a person privy
to an important mystery, a guinea for his fare!—
Thus ended one of our hero's many farces of 'Much
Ado about Nothing'; and thus began his—what shall
we call it—hostility?—to his son. It is not to be
imagined, of course, that Keen was jealous of his son's
acting; but simply, that it seemed to thwart a desire of
his own, that the boy should never addict himself to the
stage. Things, however, did not always terminate in
farce: they sometimes took the tone of tragedy. The
'acting' of Charles was remembered ever afterwards.
The son, indeed, did not repeat his performances, nor
did he manifest any intention of going upon the stage;
but when differences arose (about the time of the Cox
trial) between his parents, he 'clave' to his mother, as
the injured party, and as his best and tenderest friend.
Keen—although no disrespect was ever shewn towards
him by his son—although (as we have said) that son
shewed no wilfulness towards the stage—and although
his own income was competent to maintain his family
sumptuously—estranged himself from the mother and
the child.

The particulars are odious; and the conduct of the
boy, only sixteen years old, offers a noble contrast to
the bloated buffoon—a redeeming of human nature.
Yet, even in the father, when ill-health overtook him,
there was some relenting. He performed with his son,
and Mr P. tells us:

"At Richmond, he continued to improve a little in
health, and was even enabled to go out in his carriage.
One day, however, having stayed out longer than usual
(he had been to visit Miss Tidswell), and the weather
being unusually cold, he came home exceedingly ill.
He said that he had got his death blow asked for brandy,
which he drank (saying, however, that it made him
colder), and went to bed. This was the last time
that he left his house. He grew gradually worse; re-
viving at times, however, sufficiently to speak of old
times, and to talk on the subject of acting. In one of
these intervals he wrote the following letter to his wife:

"Thursday.
'My dear Mary, Let us be no longer fools. Come
home. Forget and forgive! If I have erred, it was
my head, not my heart, and most severely have I suf-
fered for it. My future life shall be employed in con-
tributing to your happiness; and you, I trust, will re-
turn that feeling by a total obliteration of the past.
Your will, but really affectionate husband,
'Theatre Royal, Richmond. EDMUND KEEN.'

Mrs Keen answered this appeal by proceeding at once
to Richmond. She saw her husband once more, after
seven years of estrangement, and the most complete
forgiveness and reconciliation followed. She went
again to him repeatedly, and the best understanding
prevailed between them. All this was the work of
their son."

His death speedily followed, and here we drop the
curtain.

L. B. GALE, M. D. M. S.—Would respectfully in-
form the citizens of Boston and vicinity that he has re-
moved to No 2, Bowdoin square, where he will attend to the
duties of his profession as a Surgeon and Physician; all Surgical
Operations which are practicable in Europe or America
will be performed. The hour devoted to the diseases of the
Eye and Ear, will be in future from 12 to 1 o'clock. Beautiful
Artificial Eyes imported from France, will be inserted and
warranted. Dr Gale can be consulted until 10 o'clock in the
evening, after which he will be at his residence, Temple street,
No 74. eopjms j2

**ISAAC L. HILDRETH, Merchant Tailor, No 4 Rog-
er's Buildings Congress Square,** has just received some
splendid cloths of superior quality and colours, consisting in
part of royal purple, dahlia, rose, brown, and green, &c. &c.
with a variety of other style and fancy colours. Also, buck-
skin cassimeres, for pantaloons, a superb article, together
with a general assortment of cassimeres and vestings of va-
rious colours and qualities of the latest style and variety of
patterns. eotf j18-m-31

NOTICE.—The Copartnership heretofore existing under
the firm of *Keogh & Mullen*, is this day dissolved by
mutual consent. All persons indebted to the said firm are
requested to make immediate payment to Peter R. Keogh, and
all persons having demands against the same will please to
present them. PETER R. KEOGH,
D. J. MULLEN.

Boston, July 9, 1853.

COPARTNERSHIP FORMED.—The subscribers
have formed a Copartnership, under the firm of *P. R. &
T. Keogh*, and solicit the patronage of the former customers
of Keogh and Mullen.
P. R. & T. Keogh will keep on hand a good assortment
of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings which they will make to order
in the most fashionable style, and on the most reasonable
terms, for cash. eotf j19

MUSICAL NOTICE.—The Boston Band, J. R.
MANN, Leader, and Boston Brass Band, EDWARD
KENDALL, Leader, respectfully inform the Military and En-
gine Companies of Boston and vicinity, that they are prepar-
ed to furnish music of the first order, for Parades, Processions,
Water Parties, Balls, and Societies. They take this opportunity
to announce to the Independent Companies of Boston,
&c., that they are provided with a full new Uniform, and humbly
solicit a share of public patronage. Orders left at the follow-
ing places will meet with prompt attention—EDWARD KEN-
DALL, No 1 Foster Place; J. R. MANN, No 11 Province
House Court—S. S. PEARCE, No 1 May Place, Oak Street.
Terms in city \$4 per day. S. S. PEARCE, Clerk.

THE SUBSCRIBER having obtained Letters Patent
for the improvement on Hovess' Patent Stuffing for Beds,
Mattresses, Cushions, &c., he now offers it for sale, in any
quantity, at his establishment, opposite the Hourly Office,
Cambridgeport, Mass. It is a species of Grass which has all
the elasticity and durability of Hair, and of its fragrance, which is
extremely pleasant, is repulsive to Insects of every description.
my26 eptf JOSEPH C. SMITH.

W. RUSSELL HALL, Broker and Land Agent—
Office No 4 Thornehill's Buildings—entrance No 53
Congress st, near State st. j20

JOHN ADAMS, Commission Merchant and Auctioneer,
Refers to **ISAAC O. BARNES, Esq.** Boston.
Messrs CHAMBERLIN & FOLSOM, Boston.
Advances on Consignments. j17

CALCINED PLASTER OF PARIS—Superior in
quality to any before offered to the public, for sale at
LOW & RINGSLY'S Factory, Bulfinch st, two doors from
Cambridge st. eptf m8

W. M. H. ROGERS has just received a few dozen of a
superior quality of hosiery gentlemen's gloves, at No
6 Joy's Building, 31 Washington st. j22

SPIRITS TURPENTINE.—Spirits Turpentine in
best glass barrels—manufactured by the Boston Chemical
Company—for sale by **LOWE & REED**, 24 Merchants' row,
at the business's lowest price. eptf j16

150 BUSHELS TRIESTE WHITE BEANS
for sale by **DANIEL DRAPER**, No 9 Market
square. j16

POLISHED STEEL FIRE IRONS.—Just received
a variety of patterns, some very elegant, at **BLA-
NEY'S** Grate Manufactory, No 9 Congress square, up stairs.
j2

HARDWARE, NAILS AND HOLLOW

PRICE & LIVING, Nos 54 Kilby and 72 Water sts.,
have received by the St Lawrence, Chatham and other
late arrivals from Liverpool, an extensive assortment of
SHEFFIELD & LIVERPOOL HARDWARE,
consisting in part of the following—

Sunderland's Cast Steel Cast Steel Sicksles Knives and Forks Pen, Pocket, Shoe, Butch- & KNIVES, er, Broad and Drawing 'Rogers' Elliot', Wade and Butch- er's and Barber's Sissors and Shears Sheep Shears Cast Steel Pit, Cross Cut, Hand, & SAWS, and Iron Back Files, all kinds Chisels and Gouges Plane Irons Hemming & Son's Needles Randle and Pound Pins Sawdust, Tea and Bread Trays Steel Stuffers Brass Goods, all kinds Spike and Nail Gamblets Shoe Thread Box Rules Iron Compasses Nobly, Bright Peeled & Brass LATCHES Iron Candlesticks Brass do Cast Wire, Nos 4 & 6 Fish Hooks Braces and Bits Awns and Tacks Iron and Steel Squares They have also on hand of AMERICAN MANUFACTURE, Cask Cut Nails Mauve Forks Hay do Iron Plain do Backstrap SHOVELS Caststeel do Spades Goggles, Necked, Pronged and HOES Cast Steel Sieves Combs, of all kinds Coffin Mills Toilet Glasses Percussion Caps Cordage, all kinds Japanned and LAMPS Ropes of all Quills and Ink Writing Paper Whips Whip Lashes Rouset Paper Razor Straps Belloves Silver Pencil Cases Brass Andirons Wm Rowland's Philadelphia Mills SAWS and Cross Cut j18	Composition & DOCTORS Steel London Emery Brass Kettles English line drawn Nails Saw Irons Anvils and Vices Iron and Brass Wire Trace Chains Hatter Chains Knit, Mortice, Trunk, Chest, LOCKS Till, Cupboard, Closet & Gun Gun Plints Curry Combs Pony Pans Boilers and Tea Kettles Stew and Sauce Pans Steel yards Spectacles Iron, Plated, & Britannia SPOONS Tea & Table 'James' Hawkeford, Woodscrews 'Wooley' Nobly, all kinds Shovel and Tong Gilt and Fancy Coat and Vest, Pearl Shit, Bone Brace, Horn and Bone, Pea Jacket M Vest & Coat a great variety They have also on hand of AMERICAN MANUFACTURE, First Quality Hollow Ware Window Glasses Looking Glasses Hammers and Hatchets Darling, Passmore, Joy & Son, and SCYTHES Seythe Stones Seythe Rifles Brass Nails Cotton Saw and CARDS Cattle Brushes all kinds Augers Brads and Tacks Nails and Pencils Razor and Penknife HONES Oil Stone Gut Twine Razor Straps Horn's Simmon's Hammam's Kimball's Shaver Blacking j18
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THE CHINESE LADY

UNPRECEDENTED NOVELTY.
AND COMBINATION OF ATTRACTIONS.
AT THE WASHINGTON HALL,
It will be Exhibited This Evening.
THE Public are respectfully informed that

THE CHINESE MOVIE
has arrived in this city, accompanied by her Interpreter,
ACONG, a Chinese Youth, who will explain the curious cus-
toms of their country, while each being dressed in their exact
costume, and the apartment being hung with Canton satin
dresses, will present a fair specimen of that singular race and
their peculiar style. Among my walks on an elevated plat-
form, in order that her little feet may be seen to advantage;
she will also address the company in English, the lady of the
Conductor of the Exhibition, with whom she travels, having
commenced teaching her language.

ACONG, the Interpreter, will write in Chinese characters, any
Lady or Gentleman's name, on handsome gilt cards, for 12c, each.

In order to make the evening's entertainment still more in-
teresting and attractive, arrangements have been made, with
MR. HARRINGTON, of this city, the celebrated VENTRILO-
quist, and admired performer of Philosophical Experiments
and apparently Magical Deceptions, who without assuming
the high-sounding name of Magician, or professing to do that
which he is unable to accomplish, will during the evening ex-
hibit and delight the company with many beautiful experi-
ments in *Natural Magic*, interspersing the various perfor-
mances with surprising specimens of *Ventriloquism*, and the
imitations of various animals, well known sounds, and the me-
lody of the feathered tribe.

The Hall will be well ventilated, and every pains taken to
accommodate the visitors. The entertainments to commence
at 8 o'clock precisely. Admission 50 cents—Children half
price. eptf j17

LOOK AT THIS! EVERY BODY!
NECK STOCK AND SUSPENDER MANUFACTORY.
J. M. SHERBURN, 12 Washington street.

Keeps constantly on
hand, for sale, a large
assortment of NECK
STOCKS, of the most
approved and fashion-
able patterns, and of
every color and fabric.
He has in constant
employment a large
number of experienced
Stock Makers, and is
fully confident that he
can please the most
fastidious taste.

The Hall will be well ventilated, and every pains taken to
accommodate the visitors. The entertainments to commence
at 8 o'clock precisely. Admission 50 cents—Children half
price. eptf j17

On hand—a few elegant white Satin Stocks, for the Ball
Room.
Also—a large assortment of low priced Stocks, Suspenders,
and Shirt Collars, suitable for the country trade.
j17 F & W

AUCTION DUTY.
COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.
Treasury Office, 7th Mo (July) 1853, 1855.

AUCTIONEERS are reminded, that the sales days allowed
by law, for the settlement of their semi-annual accounts
at this department, will expire on the 31st of the present
month. HENRY BARNARD, Treasurer.
j21 eptf

MONEY advanced on Real Estate or personal property,
by **W. R. HALL** Broker, 5 Exchange street, up stairs.
j22

CHAISES AND HARNESSES.—**W. M. PHIPPS, Jr**
near Union Hotel, Cambridge, keeps constantly on
hand Chaises and Harnesses of prime quality, which he
will warrant to those who wish to purchase. eptm m15.

BOARDERS.—Two or three boarders can obtain good
board, on reasonable terms, at No 14 Carver street.
j21 eptf

HOUSE FOR SALE.

Situated on the corner of Willow and Acorn streets,
near Chestnut street, containing thirteen, two, parlors
and eight chambers—enquire of JOHN TEMPLETON
Cambridge st. j20

HOUSE FOR SALE IN CHELSEA.
For Sale a House in Westminster street, in Chelsea,
a very old one—containing parlor, kitchen, and
chambers, wood house, &c.—a good water. For further
particulars, apply to C. M. INTER, 5 Exchange st.
m14 eptf

TO BE LET.—A chamber in the second story
of 46 Washington street—apply to
T. M. BAKER.
m21

FOR SALE.—A brick House, pleasantly situ-
ated at the south part of the city—and having every
convenience for a small family—enquire at 133 Wash-
ington st. j18

**REPLY TO "SAMUEL THOMPSON'S DE-
FENCE,"** against *Jesse Thompson's life aspersions*, which
first appeared in the Boston Morning Post, and has
since been printed in a handbill—dated Boston, July 10, 1853.
In a former article, dated July 7, 1853, stated that I should
"consider any reply to his abuse as altogether unnecessary,
and a waste of time and labor." I still consider it so. I shall
therefore reply only to the "Certificates he professes to have
obtained, and the receipts for 'Wine Bitters' and 'Cholera
Syrup'."

First—Henry Pearson's Certificate.
Charles Currier, a neighbor of Mr Pearson, was present the
day Mr P. went through the course, and states that he
saw the steam box cleaned after each patient was steamed,
before another was admitted. Mr P. regrets having given that
certificate—it was wrong from him by the unexampled impor-
tunity of S. Thompson.

To the hundred who entered my Infirmary during the past
winter, while Mr Norris, who was employed by me under
a high salary, officiated, it is sufficient to state, that he was in
attendance on that day.

Second—A Certificate, purporting to be signed by JOHN
TUTTS, and the initials P. N. F., said to be William Prentiss.

To this I append the following answer:—

This may certify that I was at Dr Jesse Thompson's Infir-
mary the latter part of last winter and the fore part of this
spring—in all, 70 days. I was extremely weak and low when
I went to him, and had been so for nearly one year. My
health has improved regularly ever since. I was perfectly
satisfied with Dr Thompson's mode of treating me, and
with his attendants, Mr Norris, Mr Bond and Mr Rugg. The
certificate in the Morning Post of July 10, purporting to be
from me, is utterly false.

(Signed) WM. PRENTISS.
Attest, ELIZABETH R. RUSSELL.
West Cambridge, July 14, 1853.

The lady of East Cambridge I have seen. The story related
by S. Thompson is, in all essential points, false. I visited her
in the presence of her husband, Mrs E. F. Russell, Mrs Thomp-
son, and other individuals, and they can attest that what I here
state is true.

Third—Certificate of Lemuel Tobey.
I have already published a certificate of L. T. in my favor,
voluntarily given. Let him reconcile the forced with the vol-
untary one.

I have mentioned in a former article, that Samuel Thomp-
son's Infirmary had been prepared for preparing 'Cholera Bitters'.
This, his hand-bill receipt for preparing 'Cholera Bitters',
indicates this. He always said to me, put two ounces of the
spice bitters into a quart of wine—but I have added another
ounce, which makes the cost 37c cents instead of 12c, as is
stated in the receipt of the handbill. To the 37c cents add a
bottle of good wine, and the sugar, and you have the bottle and
label, and at \$1, how much is pocketed!

Next comes his rum, molasses and water preparation, which
he calls 'Cholera Syrup'.
As a tribute of respect due to the inventors of the genuine
Cholera Syrup, I will here state that it was invented by Dr
John Thompson, of Albany, and Dr Nathan Hixon, of Massville
(Ky.) simultaneously, at the time of the greatest distress, when
that fearful scourge, the Cholera, was making its greatest ravages
in those two cities.

I have no disposition to deny that the preparations of Sam-
uel Thompson would have answered the purpose, if they had
been brought to bear. But they could not. I consider
the Cholera Syrup, therefore, an improvement upon his inven-
tions.

This medicine, as I prepare it, reckoning the ingredients at
S. Thompson's schedule prices, costs as follows:—For 14 bottles
of the prepared Syrup, \$12.25;—without reckoning any thing
for the labels and labor of preparing the Syrup, which would be
\$1 a bottle, leaving a profit of 12c cents for labor, labels, &c.,
and this S. Thompson brings as a specimen of my specula-
tions, while much of this preparation is given away. I will
here present one specimen of S. Thompson's speculations out
of the many that might be produced:

He sells his books, "Guide" and "Narrative," to some for
\$7.50 to others for \$10.00. David Rogers
states that he paid to S. Thompson and his agent, A. Carpenter,
\$40 for a pamphlet about the size of an almanac, containing
24 pages—all the medical knowledge it contained was the
compounding of 32 articles, which were inserted on two pages,
without any reference to use them, or a single description of
either of those articles, or of any disease in which they might
be applied."

On my return from New York last winter, I informed S.
Thompson that a poor man wanted one of his books, for which
he wished me to change a label or Valerian, and asked him how
much he would charge for the book, at the same time
presenting him with a sample of the same article, which was
as good as I ever saw. S. Thompson replied, 40 pounds. This
article, according to his schedule price, when pulverized, is
worth \$3 the single pound, or 25 cents the ounce, making \$120
for his book. The weight of the book, at the same time
conversation, that the first cost did not exceed 25 cents.

I understand S. Thompson boasts there are three millions
now using his system. How many of this number are acting
as his agents under the old and homing system, I know not—
but he would hardly say so. This reminds me of what the
celebrated Dr. Huxley, speaking of S. Thompson, said, "defec-
tively," says, "The circumstance the most to be lamented in
his setting up Agents." S. Thompson advised me to let no
one have the Agency unless they had first studied and learned
the practice. But what has he done? He has sold rights and
agencies without restriction to any one, and he has even
told his right hand from his left, or knows A—B—but to my
person I say, who can furnish \$20, provided he could not get
more—while clearly shows his dishonesty, his cold avarice,
and cupidity.

One gentleman in my house that he had obtained the Agen-
cy before he had purchased a Right, or had any knowledge of
the system.

All of which proves that he must be insane, or else blinded
by the god of this world.

For the satisfaction of my friends and the public, I would
respectfully give NOTICE, that Mr Bond, who entered my es-
tablishment before Mr Norris, by mutual agreement, left to per-
petrate an Infirmary about 100 miles from this place, still
continues with me, although offered much higher wages by one
who wished to supplant me in my business.

Samuel Thompson informs the public that he has sued me and
John Webster for libel and damages, who entered my es-
tablishment before Mr Norris, by mutual agreement, left to per-
petrate an Infirmary about 100 miles from this place, still
continues with me, although offered much higher wages by one
who wished to supplant me in my business.

But what is the nature of the suit?
He threatened me to go to his place and get a certain quantity of
medicine, remove it to my store, and account to him for it
when sold. This I am now and have ever been ready to do.
Mr Webster was induced to leave me on account of the repeated
abuse and ridiculous conduct of S. Thompson, who, at the
time I left, agreed to take me as responsible for the medicine,
but has now, with the hope of doing me any wrong, set me
the case sued as both. But time will disclose whether I have
any witness in the case or not.

To the Public I must say that his savage attack was made on
me at a time of the greatest distress, when my house was filled
with patients of every description, and no one was to be had
under a fatal disease, (a tumor in the windpipe) which deprived
my family for three months of a single night's rest.

I shall now close this article with the following extract:—
The hostility of Samuel Thompson, who has been in the
business of his kind for many years, and who is now in a
known special hatred of the Ministers of the gospel, shall never
dissuade us from honest exertions to promote the Botic cause.
We will endeavor to do the things that are Christ's
regardless of the reproaches of his enemies, determined not to
imitate the vulgar zeal with which he has long attempted to
hunt us down. Why can he not be content to sell books and
rights at a fair price, do all the good he can and mind his own
business, without pointing out his gall against Christianity, and
all who honor the name of our Redeemer? And why should
he seek to oppress his friends? The fact is, Mr Thompson is so
lost to all the true feelings of the soul that he is utterly incap-
able of an honorable and noble-hearted friendship. He is not
the friend of any man one inch farther than he views it to be
for his own interest. Such a person, with such unimpaired
traits of mean character, and sordid designs, is not to be
towards his fellow beings, absorbed in the vortex of sordid self-
ishness and being an avowed enemy of all righteousness
which God requires, is it any wonder to stand at the head of
such a malignant concern? If Samuel Thompson's enemies
to identify the Botic system of medicine with the heathen
cause of infidelity, it shall be our aim to denigrate the whole
concern from all such entanglements that plain practical truth
relating to medical subjects, may stand forth on simple matter
of fact testimony, unobscured by the dreams of any man.

JESSE THOMPSON,
Boston, July 23, 1853.

WEST-CAMBRIDGE HOTEL.

FIVE MILES FROM BOSTON.
The West-Cambridge Hotel, formerly the residence of Mr.
Charles Gordon, situated five miles from Boston, on the main
road to Lexington and Concord, where he will, with his best
exertions, entertain all those who may favor him with their
presence.

The house is delightfully situated and convenient for a few
Ladies and Gentlemen boarders, who would wish to retire a
few Summer months.

Parties and Societies will

More Help—A paper has just been established Michigan city, Laporte Co. (Indiana) which supports Van Buren and Johnson. So we go.

There has been collected in N. York and vicinity aid of the New Brunswick sufferers by the late tornado \$1889.

The stock of a branch Rail Road from Taunton to meet the Providence Road at Mansfield, has been rapidly taken up, and the first instalment paid in. Capital \$150,000.

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"GO AHEAD."—Davy Crockett, the American Co
ic and the People's Almanac, for 1836—for sale
MARSH, CAPEN & LYON, 133 Washington st. Jy 25

